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ALBANY



MERRY'S MUSEUM.

VOL. VI.

JULY, 1843.

No. 1



A Midsummer Morning.

Who can tell the pleasures of a midsummer morning! In order fully to enjoy these, you must be up before the sun: you must hear the robin, when it timidly begins its song; and the sparrows, when, with a gentle *peep, peep*, they say good morning to one another,—and hop from bush to bush to see if all is well; and the boblink, when he clucks in the grass, just before he enters upon his song of “Tom Denny, Tom Denny;” and you must see the first red light which the sun throws upon the clouds and hil’ tops; you must hear all the joyous sounds that rise upward to heaven, as

if in thanksgiving, from the birds, the insects, the cattle upon a thousand hills, and the voices of glad human beings, far and near; and you must have a heart to appreciate all this, as a sweet anthem of praise to God.

And you must have an eye that takes in the beauty of flowers and dew-drops around you, as well as of far-off landscapes, embracing hills and vales, cloud sky and sea; your soul must be a pure canvass for the Almighty’s pencil; your ear a justly tuned instrument, for the touch of a Divine musician. Who can go forth of a midsummer morning, and

not deeply feel the loveliness of nature, and the benignity of that Being, who in goodness has made it all?

It is well to hold communion with nature in her gentler moods; and I always esteem those persons happy who are brought up in the country, among green fields and shady woods, especially if they have friends around them, who can lift their thoughts, step by step, from nature up to nature's God. This world, without a God, without a Creator, a Governor, a Preserver—would be indeed a mystery; but when we can connect all the wonders we behold with a great and good Being, who is at once our Father in heaven, and the Architect of the earth and the skies—these things acquire a new and touching interest.

Look at the children in the picture. The dew hangs on the stems of flowers and the leaves of shrubs, like myriads of trembling diamonds; the sun-light is gushing through the trees—a glorious flood of silver; the birds are pouring out their songs of merriment and affection. All around is beautiful. Happy children—lovely midsummer morning!

Listening.

Much has been said of the art of speaking, and comparatively little on the art of listening. Not to listen is an offence against the laws of politeness. Conversation is a species of commerce, where every one has a right to bring and to dispose of his commodities, and to supply others with what he supposes they stand in need of: therefore it ought to be an exchange—a barter.

If to listen is a duty towards others, it is also of the greatest utility and importance to ourselves. Complaisance in listening marks a wish to learn; he who does not like to listen, does not wish to learn the truth. *He who speaks, sows; he who listens, reaps.*

Nothing is more acceptable and pleasing than the art of listening. We often see men of superior abilities prefer the society of those who are inferior, because they listen with respect. This does not originate in pride or vanity, but the mind is raised and inflamed by awakening attention and curiosity.

No one, on the contrary, is so displeasing and offensive, as he who refuses his attention, or who listens with a total want of respect and politeness. Some persons, as soon as you open your mouth, pretend to know what you would say, and appear impatient till you have done. Some take the words out of your mouth and contradict you sharply. Others will begin to talk to another person, call the servants, scold the children, or perhaps turn their backs and leave you.

An eastern sage was once relating his misfortunes to a statue. "Fool," said a traveller, "do you suppose that cold marble hears you?" The sage replied, "I know the marble hears me not; but, at least, it does not interrupt me."

There is a proper way of listening; not that of the stupid and ignorant, who, at every trifling word, open their eyes and cry out, a miracle; nor that of those who smile and applaud as soon as you begin to speak. These resemble some persons who would applaud at a theatre as soon as the candles are lighted. We must esteem those who listen to us, in order to aspire to their praises, and to acquire in their company the fire of eloquence, and the desire to please.

Listening properly is appearing to observe, to approve, and to be pleased; a sensible remark, a delicate compliment a few words apparently suggested by those of others, a single word introduced with propriety, and even an intelligent and animated look, a smile of approbation; in short, that air of attention, of interest, of esteem, when a person is talking to us, is the greatest compliment we can pay.



Eugene Aram.

THE life of this man is fraught with deep interest, and affords a striking moral. Though born in humble circumstances, and therefore only provided with the means of a narrow education, by the force of talent and industry he improved his mind and made himself master of a wide field of knowledge. His station was now respectable in the eyes of the world, and he had all the requisite means to ensure happiness. One thing, only, did he lack; yet, that thing which is necessary to the preservation of every earthly good—virtue. In an evil hour he was tempted to the commission of a horrid crime. Though this was shielded by darkness; though years rolled away without suspicion or detection; though a fair outside was carefully preserved; though he left the scene of his depravity, and doubtless believed he had forever buried his guilt in oblivion—still the All-seeing Eye was upon him, and He who rules over events, as if to show how vain is human ingenuity in attempting to shelter the murderer, at last brought him to justice. On his trial he displayed wonderful powers of

reasoning, but even these, now, only served to heighten his guilt in the eyes of mankind. How short-sighted is the man who attempts to attain happiness by unlawful means; which, even if successful, must make every cup of life bitter as gall; and, if unsuccessful, must bring judgment, and agony, and shame.

During the confinement of this remarkable person on the charge of murder, he wrote an account of his own life, from which we learn that one of his ancestors had been high sheriff of Yorkshire, in the reign of king Edward the third; but the family, having been gradually reduced, his father occupied a humble station in life. The son, however, was sent to a school near Rippon, where he perfected himself in writing and arithmetic, and then went to London to officiate as clerk to a merchant.

After a residence of two years in town, he was seized with the small-pox, which left him in so weak a condition, that he went back to Yorkshire for the recovery of his health. On his recovery he found it necessary to do something for immediate subsistence; and, accordingly engaged himself as usher to a boarding school; but, not having been taught the learned languages in his youth, he was obliged to supply by industry what he had failed to obtain from neglect. Thus, while teaching writing and arithmetic, by employing all his leisure hours in the most intense study, he at length became an excellent Greek and Latin scholar. In the year 1734, he engaged to officiate as steward of an estate belonging to Mr. Norton, of Knaresborough; and while in this station he acquired a competent knowledge of the Hebrew. At this period he married, but was far from being happy in his matrimonial connection.

We shall now relate the circumstances which led to the commission of the crime which cost Aram his life. Daniel

Clarke, a shoemaker at Knaresborough, after being married a few days, circulated a report that his wife was entitled to a considerable fortune, which he should soon receive. Hereupon, Aram and Richard Houseman, conceiving hopes of making advantage of this circumstance, persuaded Clarke to make an ostentatious show of his own riches, to induce his wife's relations to give him that fortune of which he had boasted.

Clarke was easily induced to comply with a hint so agreeable to his own desires; on which he borrowed and bought on credit, a large quantity of silver plate, with jewels, watches, rings, &c. He told the persons of whom he purchased, that a merchant in London had sent him an order to buy such plate for exportation; and no doubt was entertained of his credit till his sudden disappearance in February, 1745, when it was imagined that he had gone abroad or to London, to dispose of his ill-acquired property.

When Clarke was possessed of these goods, Aram and Houseman determined to murder him, in order to share the booty; and on the night of the 8th of February, 1745, they persuaded Clarke to walk with them in the fields, in order to consult with them on the proper method to dispose of the effects.

On this plan they walked into a field, at a small distance from the town, by the name of St. Robert's Cave. When they came into this field, Aram and Clarke went over a hedge towards the cave, and when they had got within six or seven yards of it, Houseman (by the light of the moon) saw Aram strike Clarke several times, and at length beheld him fall, but never saw him afterwards. This was the state of the affair, if Houseman's testimony on the trial is to be credited.

The murderers, going home, shared Clarke's ill-gotten treasure, the half of

which Houseman concealed in his garden for a twelvemonth, and then took it to Scotland, where he sold it. In the mean time Aram carried his share to London, where he sold it to a Jew, and then engaged himself as an usher at an academy in Piccadilly; where, in the intervals of his duty in attending to scholars, he made himself master of the French language, and acquired some knowledge of Arabic and other eastern tongues.

After this he was usher at other schools in different parts of the kingdom; but as he did not correspond with his friends in Yorkshire, it was presumed that he was dead. The sudden disappearance of Clarke had long been forgotten; but, in the year 1758, as a man was digging for limestone near St. Robert's Cave, he found the bones of a human body, and a conjecture hereupon arose that they were the remains of Clarke, who, it was now presumed, might have been murdered.

Houseman, having been seen in company with Clarke a short time before his disappearance, was apprehended on suspicion; and, on his examination, giving but too evident signs of his guilt, he was committed to York castle. The bones of the deceased being shown to him, he denied that they were those of Clarke, but directed to the precise spot where he said they were deposited, and where they were accordingly found. The skull, being fractured, was preserved, to be produced in evidence on the trial.

Soon after Houseman was committed to the castle of York, it was discovered that Aram lived at Lynn, in Norfolk; on which, a warrant was granted for taking him into custody; and, being apprehended while instructing some young gentlemen at a school, he was conveyed to York, and likewise committed to the castle. At the Lent assizes following, the prosecutors were not ready with

their evidence; on which he was remanded till the summer assizes, when he was brought to trial.

When Houseman had given his evidence respecting this extraordinary affair, and all such collateral testimony had been taken as could be adduced on such an occasion, Aram was called on for his defence; but, having foreseen that the perturbation of his spirits would incapacitate him to make such a defence without previous preparation, he had written the following, which, by permission, he read in court:—

"My Lord:—I know not whether it is of right, or through some indulgence of your lordship, that I am allowed the liberty at this bar to attempt a defence, incapable and uninstructed as I am, to speak. Since, while I see so many eyes upon me, so numerous and awful a concourse, fixed with attention, and filled with—I know not what expectancy, I labor not with guilt, my lord, but with perplexity. For having never seen a court but this—being wholly unacquainted with law—the customs of the bar, and all judiciary proceedings, I fear I shall be so little capable of speaking with propriety in this place, that it exceeds my hope if I shall be able to speak at all.

"I have heard, my lord, the indictment read, wherein I find myself charged with the highest crime—with an enormity which I am altogether incapable of—to the commission of which, there goes far more insensibility of heart, more profligacy of morals, than ever fell to my lot. And nothing possibly could have admitted a presumption of this nature, but a depravity not inferior to that imputed to me. However, as I stand indicted at your lordship's bar, and have heard what is called evidence adduced in support of such a charge, I very humbly solicit your lordship's patience, and beg the hearing of this respectable audience, while I, single and unskilful—destitute

of friends, and unassisted by counsel, say something perhaps like argument in my defence. I shall consume but little of your lordship's time. What I have to say, will be short, and this brevity, probably, will be the best part of it; however, it is offered with all possible regard, and the greatest submission to your lordship's consideration, and that of this honorable court.

"First, my lord, the whole tenor of my conduct in life contradicts every particular of this indictment. Yet, I had never said this; did not my present circumstances extort it from me, and seem to make it necessary. Permit me here, my lord, to call upon malignity itself, so long and cruelly busied in this prosecution, to charge upon me any immorality of which prejudice was not the author. No, my lord, I concerted no scheme of fraud; projected no violence, injured no man's person or private property; my days were honestly laborious, my nights intensely studious. And I humbly conceive my notice of this, especially at this time, will not be thought impertinent or unseasonable, but at least deserving some attention; because, my Lord, that any person, after a temperate use of life, a series of thinking and acting regularly, without one single deviation from sobriety, should plunge into the very depth of profligacy, precipitately, and at once, is altogether improbable and unprecedented, and absolutely inconsistent with the course of things. Mankind is never corrupted at once; villainy is always progressive, and declines from right, step after step, till every regard of probity is lost, and every sense of all moral obligation totally perishes.

"Again, my lord, a suspicion of this kind, which nothing but malevolence could entertain and ignorance propagate, is violently opposed by my very situation at that time, with respect to health; for, but a little space before, I was confined to

my bed, and suffered under a very long and severe disorder, and was not able, for half a year together, so much as to walk. The distemper left me, indeed, yet slowly and in part; but so macerated, so enfeebled, that I was reduced to crutches; and so far from being well about the time I am charged with the fact, that I never, to this day, have perfectly recovered. Could then a person in this condition, take anything into his head so extravagant? I, past the vigor of my age, feeble and valetudinary, with no inducement to engage, with no ability to accomplish, no weapon wherewith to perpetrate such a feat; without interest, without power, without motive, without means.

"Besides, it must need occur to every one, that an action of this atrocious nature is never heard of, but, when its springs are laid open, it appears that it was to support some indolence, or supply some luxury; to satisfy some avarice, or oblige some malice; to prevent some real or some imaginary want: yet I lay not under the influence of any of these. Surely, my lord, I may, consistently with both truth and modesty, affirm this much; and none who have any veracity, and know me, will ever question it.

"In the second place, the disappearance of Clarke is suggested as an argument of his being dead; but the uncertainty of such an inference from that, and the fallibility of all conclusions of such a sort, from such a circumstance, are too obvious and too notorious, to require instances; yet, superseding many, permit me to procure a very recent one, and that afforded by this castle.

"In June, 1757, William Thompson, for all the vigilance of this place, in open day-light, and double-ironed, made his escape; and, notwithstanding an immediate inquiry set on foot, the strictest search and all advertisement, was never

seen or heard of since. If, then, Thompson got off unseen through all these difficulties, how very easy was it for Clarke, when none of them opposed him? But what would be thought of a prosecution commenced against any one seen last with Thompson?

Permit me next, my lord, to observe a little upon the bones which have been discovered. It is said, which perhaps is saying very far, that these are the skeleton of a man. It is possible, indeed, they may; but is there any certain criterion, which incontestably distinguishes the sex in human bones? Let it be considered, my lord, whether the ascertaining this point ought not to precede any attempt to identify them.

"The place of their depositum, too, claims much more attention than is commonly bestowed upon it; for of all places in the world none could have mentioned any one, wherein there was greater certainty of finding human bones than a hermitage, except he should point out a church-yard; hermitages, in times past, being not only places of religious retirement, but of burial too. And it has scarce or never been heard of, but that every cell now known, contains or contained these relics of humanity, some mutilated and some entire. I do not inform, but give me leave to remind your lordship, that here sat solitary sanctity, and here the hermit or the anchoress, who hoped for that repose to their bones, when dead, which they here enjoyed when living.

"All the while, my lord, I am sensible this is known to your lordship and many in this court, better than to me. But it seems necessary to my case, that others who have not at all, perhaps, adverted to things of this nature, and may take an interest in my trial, should be made acquainted with it. Suffer me, then, my lord, to produce a few of many evidences, that these cells were uscd as repositories of the dead, and to enum-

rate a few in which human bones have been found, as it happened in this question; lest to some that accident might seem extraordinary, and, consequently, occasion prejudice.

1st. The bones, as was supposed of the Saxon, St. Dubritius, were discovered buried in his cell, at Guy's Cliff, near Warwick, as appears from the authority of Sir William Dugdale.

2d. The bones, thought to be those of the anchoress Rosia, were but lately discovered in a cell at Royston, entire, fair, and undecayed, though they must have lain interred for several centuries, as is proved by Dr. Stukeley.

3d. But my own country, nay, almost this neighborhood, supplies another instance, for, in January, 1747, were found, by Mr. Stovin, accompanied by a reverend gentleman, the bones in part of some recluse, in the cell at Lindholm, near Hatfield. They were supposed to be those of William of Lindholm, a hermit, who had long made this cave his habitation.

4th. In February, 1744, part of Woburn abbey being pulled down, a large portion of a corpse appeared, even with the flesh on, which bore cutting with a knife; though it is certain this had lain above two hundred years, and how much longer is doubtful; for the abbey was founded in 1145, and dissolved in 1538 or 39.

"What would have been said, what believed, if this had been an accident to the bones in question?

"Farther, my lord, it is not yet out of living memory, that a little distance from Knaresborough, in a field, part of the manor of the worthy and patriotic baronet who does that borough the honor to represent it in parliament, were found, in digging for gravel, not one human skeleton only, but five or six, deposited side by side, with each an urn placed at its head, as your lord-

ship knows was usual in ancient interments.

"About the same time, and in another field, almost close to this borough, was discovered also, in searching for gravel, another human skeleton; but the piety of the same worthy gentleman ordered both pits to be filled up again, commendably unwilling to disturb the dead.

Is the invention of these bones forgotten, then, or industriously concealed, that the discovery of those in question may appear the more singular and extraordinary? whereas, in fact, there is nothing extraordinary in it. My lord, almost every place conceals such remains. In fields, in hills, in highway sides, in commons, lie frequent and unsuspected bones. And our present allotments for rest for the departed, are but of some centuries.

"Another particular seems not to claim a little of your lordship's notice, and that of the gentlemen of the jury which is, that perhaps no example occurs of more than one skeleton being found in one cell; and in the cell in question was found but one; agreeable, in this, to the peculiarity of every other known cell in Britain. Not the invention of one skeleton, but of two, would have appeared suspicious and uncommon.

"But it seems another skeleton has been discovered by some laborer, which was full as confidently averred to be Clarke's as this. My lord, must some of the living, if it promotes some interest, be made answerable for all the bones that earth has concealed, and chance exposed? and might not a place where bones lay, be mentioned by a person by chance, as well as found by a laborer by chance? or is it more criminal accidentally to name where bones lie, than accidentally to find where they lie?

"Here, too, is a human skull produced, which is fractured; but was this the cause, or was it the consequence of death? was

it owing to violence, or was it the effect of natural decay? If it was violence, was it before or after death? My lord, in May, 1732, the remains of William, lord archbishop of this province, were taken up, by permission, in this cathedral, and the bones of the skull were found broken; yet certainly he died by no violence offered to him alive, that could occasion that fracture there.

"Let it be considered, my lord, that upon the dissolution of religious houses, and the commencement of the reformation, the ravages of those times affected both the living and the dead. In search after imaginary treasures, coffins were broken up, graves and vaults dug open, monuments ransacked, and shrines demolished; and it ceased about the beginning of the reign of queen Elizabeth. I entreat your lordship, suffer not the violences, the depredations, and iniquities of those times to be imputed to this.

"Moreover, what gentleman is ignorant that Knaresborough had a castle; which, though now a ruin, was once considerable, both for its strength and garrison? All know it was vigorously besieged by the arms of parliament; at which siege, in sallies, conflicts, flights, pursuits, many fell in the places round it, and where they fell, were buried; for every place, my lord, is burial earth in war; and many, questionless, of these, rest yet unknown, whose bones futurity shall yet discover.

"I hope, with all imaginable submission, that what has been said will not be thought impertinent to this indictment; and that it will be far from the wisdom, the learning, and the integrity of this place, to impute to the living, what zeal in its fury may have done; what nature may have done; what nature may have taken off, and piety interred; or what war alone may have destroyed, alone deposited.

"As to the circumstances that have been raked together, I have nothing to observe, but that all circumstances whatever, are precarious, and have too frequently been found lamentably fallible; even the strongest have failed. They may rise to the utmost degree of probability, yet they are but probability still. Why need I name to your lordship the two Harrisons, recorded by Dr. Howel, who both suffered upon circumstances because of the sudden disappearance of their lodger, who was in credit, had contracted debts, borrowed money, and went off unseen, and returned a great many years after their execution? Why name the intricate affair of Jacques de Moulin, under king Charles II., related by a gentleman who was counsel for the crown? and why the unhappy Coleman, who suffered innocent, though convicted upon positive evidence, and whose children perished for want, because the world uncharitably believed the father guilty? Why mention the perjury of Smith, inadvertently admitted king's evidence, who, to screen himself, equally accused Faircloth and Loveday of the murder of Dunn; the first of whom, in 1749, was executed at Winchester; and Loveday was about to suffer at Reading, had not Smith been proved to be perjured, to the satisfaction of the court, by the surgeon of the Gosport hospital?

"Now, my lord, having endeavored to show that the whole of this process is altogether repugnant to every part of my life; that it is inconsistent with my condition of health about that time; that no rational inference can be drawn that a person is dead who suddenly disappears, that hermitages were the constant repositories of the bones of the recluse; that the revolutions in religion, or the fortunes of war, have mangled or buried the dead; the conclusion remains, perhaps no less reasonably than impatiently wished for. I, at last, after a year's confinement,

EUGENE ARAM.

equal to either fortune, put myself upon the candor, the justice, and the humanity of your lordship, and upon yours, my countrymen, gentlemen of the jury."

Aram was tried by Judge Noel, who, having remarked that this defence was one of the most ingenious pieces of reasoning that had ever fallen under his notice, summed up the evidence to the jury, who gave a verdict of guilty; in consequence of which he received sentence of death.

After conviction, a clergyman was appointed to attend him, and to exhort him to an ample confession. Aram appeared to pay proper attention to what was said, but after the minister had retired, he formed the resolution of destroying himself; and when the morning appointed for his execution arrived, the keeper, on proceeding to take him out of his cell, was surprised to find him almost expiring through loss of blood, having cut his left arm, above the elbow and near the wrist, with a razor. A surgeon being sent for, stopped the bleeding; but when he was taken to the place of execution, he was so very weak as to be unable to join in devotion with the clergyman who attended him.

On the table in his cell was found the following paper, containing his reasons for attempting to commit suicide:—
"What am I better than my fathers? To die is natural and necessary. Perfectly sensible of this, I fear no more to die than I did to be born. But the manner of it is something which should, in my opinion, be decent and manly. I think I have regarded both these points. Certainly nobody has a better right to dispose of man's life than himself; and he, not others, should determine how. As for any indignities offered to my body, or silly reflections on my faith and morals, they are, as they always were, things indifferent to me. I think, though contrary to the common way of thinking,

I wrong no man by this, and hope it is not offensive to the eternal Being that formed me and the world: and as by this, I injure no man, no man can reasonably be offended. I solicitously recommend myself to the eternal and almighty Being, the God of nature, if I have done amiss. But perhaps I have not; and I hope this thing will never be imputed to me. Though I am now stained by malevolence, and suffer by prejudice, I hope to rise fair and unblemished. My life was not polluted, my morals were irreproachable, and my opinions orthodox. I slept sound till three o'clock, awaked, and wrote these lines:—

"Come, pleasing rest, eternal slumber, fall,
Seal mine, that once must seal the eyes of all;
Calm and composed my soul her journey takes,
No guilt that troubles, and no heart that aches;
Adieu! thou sun, all bright like her arise;
Adieu! fair friends, and all that's good and wise."

In some of the accounts published of Aram's trial, a letter is quoted, as written to one of his friends, confessing his guilt; but this document is understood to have been forged for the purpose of pleasing the illiterate jurymen who condemned him, and who were incapable of appreciating the admirable reasoning contained in his defence. He was executed near York, on the 6th of August, 1759, and afterwards hung in chains in Knaresborough forest.

"A LITTLE word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal, or break."



Bald Eagle.

THE White-headed or Bald Eagle is spread over nearly the whole northern part of America, but abounds particularly near the falls of Niagara, where it subsists on fish and on such animals as are accidentally floated down the stream. It also feeds upon pigs, lambs, fawns, and other small animals that it can overpower. It builds its nest on the top of a tall tree, of sticks, weeds, and moss. The young are usually three in number, and do not, like many other birds, leave the nest till they are fully fledged. The parent birds are very fierce in their defence, and feed them with the greatest assiduity.

This splendid bird is about three feet long, and seven feet from the tip of one wing to the other. The head, neck and tail are pure white, the rest of the plumage is nearly black. The representa-

tion of the Bald Eagle forms the national emblem of the United States. The mode in which this bird obtains his prey is thus graphically described by Audubon. The scene is in Mississippi, and the eagle is perched on the top of the tallest tree, on the margin of the stream.

"The wild, trumpet-like sound of a yet distant but approaching swan is heard. The eagle shakes the whole of his body, and with a few touches of his bill, he arranges his plumage in an instant. The snow-white bird is now in sight; her long neck is stretched forward; her eye is on the watch, vigilant as that of her enemy; her large wings seem with difficulty to support the weight of her body, although they flap incessantly. So irksome do her exertions seem, that her legs are spread beneath her tail to aid her flight. She approaches, however

The eagle has marked her for his prey. As the swan is passing, he starts from his perch, in full preparation for the chase, with an awful scream, that, to the swan's ear, brings more terror than the report of the large duck-gun.

"Now is the moment to witness the eagle's powers. He glides through the air like a falling star, and like a flash of lightning comes upon the timorous quarry, which now, in agony and despair, seeks, by various manœuvres, to elude the grasp of his cruel talons; it mounts, doubles, and willingly would plunge into the stream, were it not prevented by the eagle, which, long possessed of the knowledge that by such a stratagem the swan might escape him, forces it to remain in the air by attempting to strike it with its talons from beneath.

"The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. It has already become much weakened, and its strength fails at the sight of the courage and strength of its antagonist. Its last gasp is about to escape, when the ferocious eagle strikes with his talons the under side of its wing, and, with unresisted power, forces the bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore. He presses down his powerful feet, and drives his sharp claws deep into the heart of the dying swan. He then, with his mate, gorges himself with the blood of the luckless victim."

Gallantry in a Dog.

THE following anecdote, told by Mr. B. S. Johnson, is very curious, as evincing another proof of the sagacity of the dog.

"When twelve years old, my dog had attained a greater size and strength than ordinary, and, prior to this period, had shown many indications of astonishing sagacity. He had become exceedingly attached to the female part of my family,

and particularly to the children. A little daughter, a child about six years old, attended a school at the distance of quarter of a mile, to which the dog uniformly accompanied her every morning, as well as at noon; and as soon as he had conducted his charge safely into the house, he returned home.

Pursuing this system for a short time, he was soon not content with guarding the child to school, but began to escort her home. Twelve o'clock was the hour at which the children left the school, for the purpose of returning home to dinner; a few minutes before which, Frank,—for that was the name by which the animal was distinguished,—trotted away, with elevated tail, and placing himself in front of the school, waited patiently till the little throng came out, when he eagerly selected his charge, and guarded her home with all the pride imaginable.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, a similar scene took place. It was amusing, indeed it was highly interesting, to witness the performance of these operations, by this sagacious and affectionate creature. I have many times watched it with unspeakable pleasure. About ten minutes before twelve and five o'clock, (how the creature contrived to calculate the time so accurately, I am not able to say,) Frank left my premises, and in a minute or two appeared before the door of the school, where, squat on his haunches, he attentively waited the opening of the door.

On such occasions, the children are crowded together, and Frank might now be observed among them busily employed in selecting his charge. Dogs never appear fully satisfied of the identity of any one, till they have exercised their olfactory organs, as well as their orbs of vision, on the subject of their solicitude; and therefore Frank always took a few grateful sniffs before he took his order

of march, which was a few yards in advance, with elevated tail, and evidently in all the pride of satisfactory duty.

On the appearance of any person or animal from which danger was to be

apprehended, the dog came close to the child, and forbade near approach; he was particularly suspicious of the proximity of a beggar, or any mean or rufianly person.



Charon.

In a former number, we have given some account of the heathen deities: we must now say a few words of old Charon, whom the ancients considered one of the gods of Hell. He was supposed to be the son of Erebus or Darkness, and Nox or Night,—and his duty was to conduct the souls of the dead in a boat over the river Styx, to the infernal regions. He was, therefore, a ferryman, and received a penny for each passenger. Such souls, however, as had not been honored with a funeral, were not permitted to enter Charon's boat, without previously wandering on the shore for one hundred years. Accordingly, the ancients thought it a dreadful thing to have no burial.

If the soul of any person presented himself to cross the Stygian river, he could not be admitted before he showed Charon a golden bough, which he had received from the Sibyl. This law was so strict, that Charon was once imprisoned for a

year, because he ferried over Hercules, without the passport. It did not matter that he was forced to do it by the hero.

Charon is represented in the ancient descriptions as an old robust man, with a hideous countenance, long white beard, and piercing eyes. His garment is ragged and filthy, and his forehead is covered with wrinkles. As all the dead were obliged to pay a small piece of money for their admission to the boat, it was always usual among the ancients to place under the tongue of the deceased a piece of money for Charon.

This fable of Charon and his boat, which became a part of the religious creed of the Greeks and Romans, was borrowed from the Egyptians, whose dead were carried across a lake, where sentence was passed upon them, and, according to their good or bad actions, they were honored with a splendid burial, or left unnoticed in the open air.

A CIVILIZED BEAR.



A Civilized Bear.

In New Hampshire, a species of bear is found, black in color, small in size, and in general of a peaceable disposition. These animals live on wild honey and fruits, and never attack man or the lesser animals, except when pressed by hunger, in the very severe winters. On one occasion, some years ago, a boy found a very young bear pup near Lake Winnipeg, and carried it home with him. It was fed and brought up about the house of the boy's father, and became as tame as a dog.

Every day its youthful captor had to go to school at some distance, and, by degrees, the bear became his daily companion. At first the other scholars were shy of the creature's acquaintance, but ere long it became their regular playfellow, and they delighted in sharing with it the little store of provisions, which they brought for their day's sustenance in small bags. After two years of civilization, however, the bear wandered to the woods, and did not return. Search was made for him, but in vain.

Four succeeding years passed away, and in the interval, changes had occurred in the school alluded to. An old dame had succeeded to the ancient master, and a new generation of pupils had taken the place of the former ones. One very cold winter day, while the schoolmistress

was busy with her humble lessons, a boy chanced to leave the door half way open on his entrance, and suddenly a large bear walked in.

The consternation of the old lady and her boys and girls, was unspeakable. Both schoolmistress and pupils would fain have been "abroad," but the bear was in the path, and all that could be done was to fly off as far as possible, behind the tables and benches. But the bear troubled nobody. He walked quietly up to the fireplace, and warmed himself, exhibiting much satisfaction in his countenance during the process.

He remained thus about a quarter of an hour, and then walked up to the wall where the provender bags and baskets of the pupils were suspended. Standing on his hind feet, he then took hold of these successively, put his paws into them, and made free with the bread, fruit, and other eatables therein contained. He next tried the schoolmistress's desk, where some little provisions usually were; but finding it firmly shut, he went up again to the fire, and after a few minutes' stay before it, he walked out by the way he came in.

As soon as the schoolmistress and her pupils had courage to move, the alarm was given to the neighbors. Several young men immediately started after the

bear, and as its track was perfectly visible upon the snow, they soon came up with it and killed it. Then it was that, by certain marks upon its skin, some of its pursuers recognised in the poor bear

no enemy, but an old friend of their own recent school days. Great regret was felt at the loss of the creature. It was like killing a human friend, rather than a wild animal.



The Palisadoes

SOME of the finest scenery in this country is found on the banks of the Hudson river; but the *Palisadoes*, as they are called, are not only beautiful, they are indeed one of the curiosities of nature. They consist of steep rocks, formed like a vast wall, and constituting the western bank of the river, from twelve to twenty miles above the city of New York.

As you pass by in the steamboat, the Palisadoes cannot fail to excite your wonder. Though the rocks are so high as to seem almost like mountains, yet they are often so regular as to look like works of art. You can hardly persuade yourself, indeed, that they are not cut by the hand of man. If, however, you

go upon these rocks, you will see that they are too vast a work for any other than an Almighty hand.

A real Hero.

A GREAT inundation having taken place in the north of Italy owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Verona, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, or porter, I forget which, and who, with his whole family thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction.

They were discovered, stretching forth

their hands, screaming and imploring succor, while fragments of the remaining arch were continually falling into the water. In this extreme danger, a nobleman who was present, held out a purse of one hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat, and deliver this unhappy family. But the risk was so great of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, or being dashed against the fragments of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that not one, in the vast number of spectators, had courage enough to attempt such an exploit.

A peasant passing along was informed of the proposed reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he, by strength of oars, gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile, and the whole family safely descended by means of a rope. "Courage," cried he; "now you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the family and boat to shore.

"Brave fellow!" exclaimed the count, handing the purse to him; "here is the promised recompense." "I shall never expose my life for money," said the peasant. "My labor is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife and my children. Give the purse to this poor family, who have lost all!"

A Revolutionary Story.

CHAPTER I.

A LITTLE to the west of the point where Connecticut river pours itself into Long Island Sound, lies a small, circular piece of land, called Duck Island. It is some two miles in circuit, and perhaps two miles from the shore, which here consists of the fine old town of Saybrook.

It is now about seventy years since this place was the seat of a hospital for

the small-pox. At that period the *kine-pox*, since employed to check the most fearful and formidable disease that ever afflicted mankind, was unknown. The only mitigation of small-pox was obtained by inoculation, which produced the disease in a milder form. Those who caught it by infection, or had it the natural way, to use the common phrase of that period, were always supposed to be in imminent danger of losing their lives.

The hospital of Duck Island was therefore resorted to by persons who wished to be inoculated for the small-pox. The reason for selecting such a situation was, that no danger of the infection could arise when there were no inhabitants near.

The island itself was originally a barren, sandy knoll, without trees; but the proprietor, Dr. Joinly, had taken pains to cultivate and embellish it, and, at the time of which we speak, it possessed a fertile and inviting aspect. Two large and handsome buildings, with a variety of out-houses, were erected upon the island, and furnished accommodations for the patients of the hospital. The establishment had acquired great reputation, arising from the high professional standing of the proprietor, and the admirable manner in which it was conducted. Nearly a hundred patients were constantly in the hospital, which, with the necessary attendants, made the little island seem like a small city in the midst of the sea.

It might seem that an institution so benignant in its operation should find shelter even from the ravages of war; but it was not so. The revolutionary struggle commenced in 1775, and soon pervaded the whole country. The British fleet, under Lord Howe, fled from Boston in the spring of 1776, and in the course of the summer, after severe fighting, New York fell into the hands of the enemy. Long Island Sound was soon occupied by British ships of war. The

hospital on Duck Island was respected for a time,—as much, perhaps, from a fear of infection, as from sentiments of humanity. But this at last fell a victim to the ruthless spirit which animated the foe.

A British ship of war was one day passing near the island. In mere wantonness she opened her battery, and the deadly cannon shot came ploughing up the soil and rending the out-buildings of the hospital. All within the establishment was instantly converted into confusion and uproar. The sick patients leaped from their beds and fled screaming through the passages; while shot after shot now struck the houses, and, piercing them through and through, rendered the whole a scene of indescribable terror and misery. Two or three children were killed, and their blood was spattered upon the walls of the rooms where patients lay, too sick to move from their beds. Some expired from fright, while others, almost naked, and wasted to a shadow, leaped up in frenzy and went raving forth into the open air.

We need not dwell upon this fearful scene, which is only one of the common fruits of the great game of war—a game which has made Alexander and Cæsar and Napoleon so glorious. Dr. Joinly did everything in his power to calm his agitated patients, but in vain. The time of trial was, however, short; the commander of the ship of war only desired to clear out his guns, which had been loaded for some time, and when he had done this, and had some fine sport, he and his iron battery passed on. What was sport to him, however, was agony and death to others. The hospital of Duck Island was destroyed; the buildings were torn to rags by the cannon shot; several persons were killed outright, and others died of agitation and exposure. It was in vain to think of continuing the establishment, when it was exposed to

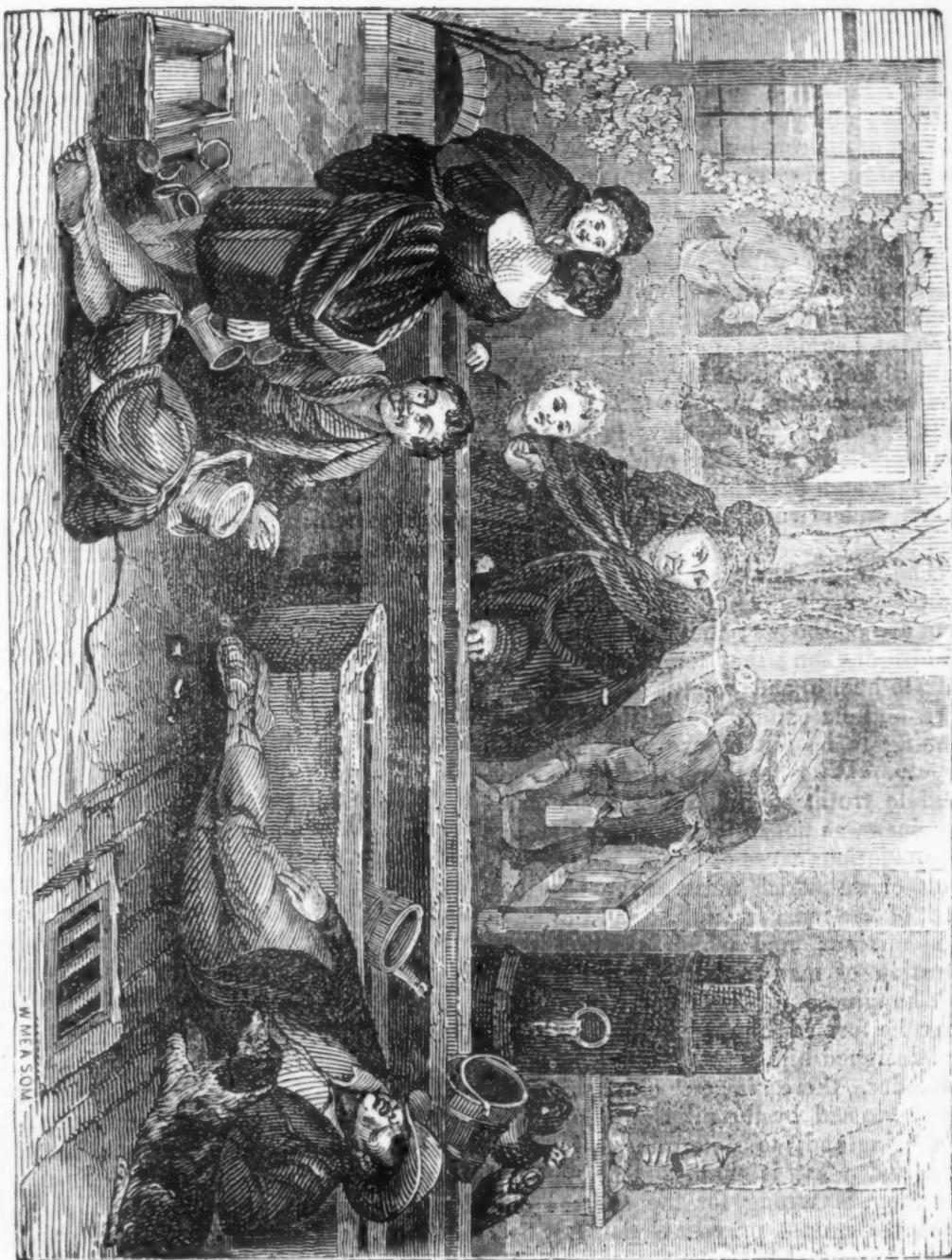
occurrences like this; the patients were removed to the main land, the island was deserted, and the buildings were left to moulder into dust.

It was scenes like this, proceeding from the wanton cruelty of the British forces, that roused the American people to resistance, and united them, heart to heart, for liberty or death. The feelings which the British officers brought to this country, were composed of hatred and contempt; they hated us as rebels, and despised us as Yankees, which, in their ignorant prejudice, meant everything mean and cowardly. They made war upon us, as the sportsman pursues noxious game, which it is a pleasure not only to kill, but to worry, irritate and torment. The attack upon the hospital of Duck Island no doubt passed for a good joke among the British officers; but if so, it was a joke somewhat dearly bought, as we shall see.

The indignation of the people of Saybrook, and indeed of the people generally along the Connecticut shore, on account of the destruction of the hospital, knew no bounds. A movement was immediately made to raise a body of troops, and despatch them against the enemy, now quartered upon Long Island. A regiment was soon assembled, and Dr. Joinly was chosen as colonel. Their proceedings we shall relate in another chapter.

Having a Good Time.

On the opposite page is seen an engraving from one of the pictures of the celebrated Scotch painter, David Wilkie. This artist was a faithful painter of scenes in rustic life; he represented things, honestly, as they are—and he has here given us a picture of what may be called *Having a good time*; a very common and familiar incident, in many



countries. And what is this *having a good time*?

Look at that man in the picture—by the side of the horse-trough—beastly drunk. Reader, man is an immortal being; he has a soul, destined to live forever; and yet such a being has found the art of making himself, soul and body, that disgusting thing which you see in the picture. And this is called *having a good time*!

Alas, how fearfully has society strayed in the path of error, to have reached this point! That drunkenness should be thought happiness; and that scenes of this kind should have become so familiar and so little disgusting, as to be selected by the painter with a view to pleasure the world—is a fearful evidence of the strength and pervading nature of those bonds under which a dreadful vice has laid society.

The truth, however, is beginning to manifest itself. That intoxicating liquors are poisonous; that drunkenness is an abomination; that temperance is the path to health and wealth, to happiness here and hereafter, are truths now beginning to be felt by every member of society. Who is there, among us, so dead to truth, so indifferent to human happiness, as not to join heart and hand in the glorious cause of temperance; that great cause which aims at the banishment of the most fruitful sources of human misery; and which aims at the elevation of man to that dignity, peace and happiness for which his Creator, when he formed him after his own image, designed him!

Reader, there is an old-fashioned mode, adopted by the pilgrim fathers of New England, to determine what is right and what is wrong. Anything, said they, is wrong, for the success of which we cannot pray to God. Let us apply this in the present case. Can any one pray for the success of the grog-

shop? Can any one pray for the success of the bar-room—the tippling room? Can any one pray for the success of the distillery? Can any one pray for the success of the wine cellar—the brandy trade—the rum voyage? What does the success of these things mean? Their success means the degradation of mankind; the destruction of soul and body; the gradual preparing of human beings to commit crimes—theft, burglary, robbery and murder; the preparation of human beings to become insane—to be the victims of disease—to be outcasts and paupers. The success of the rum trade—the wine trade—the cider trade—in all their forms, retail and wholesale, means all this. Who, then, can pray to God for the success of these trades? and who will venture to promote or follow a system which they know excites the frown of Heaven, and must finally bring the curse of mankind?

EXAMINATION AT Bow STREET.—A prisoner being brought up to London, the following dialogue passed between him and the sitting magistrate: “How do you live?”—“Pretty well, sir; generally a joint and pudding at dinner!”—“I mean, sir, how do you get your bread?”—“I beg your worship’s pardon; sometimes at the baker’s, and sometimes at the chandler’s shop.”—“You may be as witty as you please, sir; but I mean simply to ask you, how you do?” “Tolerably well, I thank your worship; I hope your worship is well.”

HONEST TAR.—John Barth, the Dunkirk fisherman, rose by his courage and naval skill to the rank of commodore of a squadron in the navy of France. When he was ennobled by Louis XIV., the king said to him, “John Barth, I have made you a commodore.” John replied, “You have done right!”



July.

Now comes July, and with his fervid noon
Unsinews labor. The swinkt mower sleeps;
The maid walks feebly; the warm swain
Pitches his load reluctant: the faint steer,
Lashing his sides, draws sulkily along
The slow encumbered wain in mid-day heat.

SUCH is the picture of this month, drawn by an old English poet. With us the heat is still greater than in England; yet the farmers keep busily at work in the fields; and, to say truth, it is about as comfortable to be at work as to be idle. You see in the picture that our fat friend, who is only looking on, wipes his face and seems as hot as those who are in the field at work, hoeing the corn.

Leigh Hunt, an elegant English writer, says: "The heat is greatest during this month, on account of its duration. There is a sense of heat and quiet all over nature. The birds are silent. The little brooks are dried up. The earth is parched. The shadows of the trees are particularly grateful, heavy and still. The oaks, which are freshest because latest in leaf, form noble, clumpy canopies, looking, as you lie under them, of a strong, emulous green, against the

blue sky. The traveller delights to cut across the country, through the fields and the leafy lanes, where, nevertheless, the flints sparkle with heat. The cattle get into the shade or stand in the water. The active and air-cutting swallows now beginning to assemble for migration, seek their prey among the shady places, where the insects, though of differently compounded natures, 'fleshless and bloodless,' seem to get for coolness, as they do at other times for warmth. The sound of insects is likewise the only audible sound now, increasing rather than lessening the sense of quiet, by its gentle contrast. The bee now and then sweeps across the ear with his gravest tone."

On the 24th of this month commence the dog-days, which are a number of days preceding and following the rise of Sirius, or the dog-star, in the morning. There were formerly many superstitions concerning the dog-star. Some old authors say, that "On the first day that this star rises in the morning, the sea boils, wine turns sour, dogs begin to grow mad, all animals feel languid, and the diseases i:

occasions in men are fevers, frenzies and hysterics." The Romans used to sacrifice a brown dog, every year, to the dog-star, on his first rising, to appease his rage. The heat of the weather during the dog-days is very great; the sun darts his rays almost perpendicularly upon the earth, and some diseases are consequently at that time more to be dreaded. But the exaggerated effects of the rising of Sirius are quite groundless.

Jumping Rabbit's Story.

CHAPTER I.

The beginning.—My earliest recollections.—My home.—My parents.—A fearful scene.

KIND reader, as you and I are about to take a ramble together, I beg leave to settle one or two points at the outset. In the first place, then, I shall tell you my story in a very simple, plain way; for the circumstances of my life have qualified me to speak in no other fashion. In the next place, I shall endeavor to make my story the means of giving you some useful information. I have been a wanderer over the Far West; have seen the rivers, the mountains, the valleys, the wild animals, the tribes of Indians that are there; I have crossed the Rocky Mountains, and stood upon the shore of the broad Pacific; and I have thus picked up a good deal of information. While, therefore, I shall give you an account of my adventures, I shall endeavor to make you acquainted with some matters relating to the geography, the natural history, and the manners and customs of the great West. Thus, while I shall try to amuse you, I will try also to give you some little knowledge. I hope this arrangement will suit you; for if I give you *cake*, to which I compare tales of adventure, you should be con-

tent to take, now and then, a slice of solid *bread and butter*, to which I compare such useful matters as geography and natural history.

And now to begin. At the period of my earliest recollection, I must have been about six years old. My father was then living on the White river, about one hundred miles west of the Mississippi, and in what is now the state of Arkansas. His house, which was only a log cabin, was four or five miles from any other white man's dwelling. There was no town or village in that quarter; excepting a few scattered settlers here and there, the country was still uninhabited, except by native wild animals, or roving tribes of Indians.

The latter were at peace with the whites for a long period, and therefore we had no fear of them. We frequently saw parties of Indian hunters, and occasionally considerable numbers came into the region where we dwelt. They often visited our cabin, but never gave us any annoyance. But the time arrived when a change took place. We heard fearful stories of Indian massacres, and more than one family, in the region where we lived, were entirely cut off.

I remember that one night my father came home and told my mother that a party of Kickapoos had been in the neighborhood and killed every member of the family which lived nearest to us. He, of course, expected they would be upon us before morning. What was now to be done? The number of the savages was over a dozen, and it seemed quite hopeless to attempt either resistance or escape. If we were to fortify the house, we might make a brief defence, and kill a few of the enemy, but we must yield at last, and fall into the hands of our exasperated foe. If we were to fly, the savages, keen as blood-hounds in following their prey, would

soon track us out, and we should become their easy victims.

People who are brought up in quiet and secure towns, free from the dangers of the wilderness, and who only hear of adventures with the Indians, can hardly appreciate the feelings of those who are inured to every species of danger and trial. I remember the looks of my father and mother upon that fearful night, when they expected the savages to be upon their dwelling in a few hours, and to see themselves and their children become the victims of their bloody vengeance. They were brave people, and, though their countenances looked troubled, there was more of courage than fear in their faces.

There were four of us children: my brother Dick, about fourteen years old; my sister Jane, two years younger, and little Harry, a year younger than myself. The decision of our parents being to fortify the house and make the best defence in their power, we were all, except Harry, employed in the preparations. The latter was the only one who did not comprehend what was going on. While the rest of us were busy in bringing in the axes, hoes, spades, and other implements capable of being used for a deadly encounter, Harry was running about, seeming to enjoy the flurry and rejoice in the spirit of activity that animated the scene.

Everything that could be done was at last accomplished. The windows were strongly barred; the door was barricaded; the wide-mouthed chimney, down which an Indian might easily have slid, was defended by large sticks crossed and jammed into the crevices of the stone work of the fire-place. Near the door sat our dog, Tiger; he was stretched upon his belly at full length on the floor, with his chin between his extended fore legs. He was not asleep, for it was evident that he understood that some-

thing fearful was in the wind. An erect forecorner of his ear showed that he was listening intently; and his eye, steadily bent toward the door, betokened the expectation of danger in that direction.

My father loaded the old gun, now our chief hope, with care; he picked the flint, examined the priming, looked at his stock of powder and ball; and now, as if everything was prepared, sat down. I remember how he looked, when he now turned round and viewed my mother and us children. I remember how she looked too. My father's lips trembled, and his eyes seemed to grow dim, for he lifted his hand and brushed it across his brow; but in a moment he looked again at his priming, glanced at old Tiger, and fixed his eye on the door and sat still. His face now became as stern as marble. My mother sat on a bench in one corner, and we children behind her upon the floor. By her side was an axe. She was very pale, and her eye turned often, first on father and then up to Heaven. Once in a while, she looked round on us, and especially upon little Harry, with a long gaze, as if it might be her last, and then a kind of shudder came over her. I think my mother was a very beautiful woman, for never in any dream has anything so like an angel visited my fancy, as my faint remembrances of my mother in that fearful hour. Her eyes were blue, her hair light, and her whole appearance soft and gentle. Never did she seem so gentle as when she looked around on us; yet, as she gazed on the axe at her side, and stole a glance around upon the defences of our little fort, her look changed, and she had the aspect of a hero.

We sat for more than an hour in breathless silence. Every ear was stretched to catch the slightest sound, until the effort became painful. At last, Tiger lifted his head and uttered a

low growl. In an instant after, he sprang to his feet, his eye glittering like fire, every muscle of his body being stretched for action. My father looked through a crevice he had left for observation. It was a clear moonlight night, and soon he saw four dusky figures gliding through the edge of the adjacent forest. He turned to mother, and said, in a firm tone, "They are coming!" She reached for the axe; I saw her fingers tremble as she grasped it. Dick, with a stout club, moved forward and stood by my father. He was a noble fellow; black-eyed, black-haired, and daring as a wild-cat. His look gave tone and courage to us all. He was stout for his years, and as he turned round to look at the group in the corner, there was something in his manner which seemed to say,—"You shall have a brave defence!"

There was silence for some time, when suddenly the most fearful yell burst upon our ears! It seemed to come from a hundred voices, and filled the forest with its terrific echoes. The scream of the panther is not so terrible as the war-cry of the savage, especially when heard at night, and by those who are exposed to his fury. Nearer and nearer came the yell, and at last we heard the enemy around our dwelling. My father, who kept his eye steady at the crevice, now slowly thrust the muzzle of his gun through the hole, and taking a deliberate aim, he fired. There was one wild yell, a heavy fall, a brisk scampering, and then a death-like silence. This continued for some time, when again the war-whoop burst from the forest, and at least a dozen savages immediately surrounded our dwelling. They encompassed it with dry leaves and branches, and set them on fire. In a few minutes the smoke began to issue into the room, and shortly the outside of our little cabin was wrapped in a sheet of flame.

Up to this time, my remembrance of

the scene is very distinct; but what immediately followed, I cannot clearly recall. I have a faint recollection, or fancy, of my father, rushing out through the blaze, and struggling with a tall Indian in the flames, till they both fell exhausted and involved in the conflagration. I have a dim remembrance of my mother, bursting out through the falling timbers, carrying little Harry on her back, and leading Jane and myself through the flames. But I was suffocated with smoke and overwhelmed with the terrors of the scene. From this point my memory of that dreadful night is a blank—save one incident alone. Old Tiger and Dick went before my mother, as if they were her peculiar guard. The poor dog was dreadfully singed, for he had already had one or two deadly tussles with the Indians in the flames. The long silken hair of his ears and tail was burnt off, and the latter stuck out straight and stiff, looking actually as if it had been cooked. In that fearful hour, I remember to have thought that it had quite a ludicrous appearance.

The poor dog, however, had his senses about him, and kept with my mother and Dick, till we had proceeded a considerable distance. We were concealed from the view of the Indians by a dense cloud of smoke, that rolled between us and them. We had not gone far, however, before we were discovered, and two savages immediately pursued us. Coming up with us, they fell upon Dick, who defended himself for a time, but receiving a blow upon the head, he was laid prostrate on the earth. Tiger, half dead as he was, sprang upon his body, and stood erect for his defence. One of the savages struck him over the head, and, with a sad moan, the poor creature lay dead by the side of his master. A sickness now came over me. I tottered, and fell unconscious to the ground.—(To be continued.)

Passage of Mountains in India.

ARMIES sometimes find it necessary to pass over the mountainous districts of India. In such cases their cannon, tents, and baggage are transported by means of elephants. It is always a difficult, and not unfrequently a dangerous business; the elephants being so clumsy, and withal so heavy, that a single misstep might prove fatal not only to them, but to all who accompany them. The following is an account of the manner in which the guns belonging to a regiment were conveyed, by means of elephants, over a high hill, or ghaut as it is called.

"Having cut a good deal of the most prominent part of the hill away, and laid trees on the ascent as a footing for the elephants, these animals were made to approach it, which the first did with some reluctance and fear. He looked up, shook his head, and, when forced by his driver, roared piteously. There can be no question, in my opinion, that this sagacious animal was competent instinctively to judge of the practicability of the artificial flight of steps thus constructed; for the moment some little alteration had been made, he seemed willing to approach.

He then commenced his examination and scrutiny, by pressing with his trunk the trees that had been thrown across; and after this he put his fore leg upon them with great caution, raising the fore part of his body, so as to throw its weight on them. This done, he seemed satisfied as to their stability. The next step for him to ascend by was a projecting rock, which we could not remove. Here the same sagacious examination took place, the elephant keeping his side close to the side of the bank, and leaning against it. The next step was upon a tree; but this, on the first pressure of his trunk, he did not like. Here his

driver made use of the most tender epithets, such as, "Wonderful, my life!"—"Well done, my dear!"—"My dove!"—"My son!"—"My wife!" But all these endearing appellations, of which elephants are so fond, would not induce him to try again. Force was at length resorted to, and the elephant roared terrifically, but would not move. Something was then removed; he seemed satisfied, as before; and thus in time ascended that stupendous ghaut. On his reaching the top, his delight was visible in a most eminent degree; he caressed his keepers, and threw the dirt about in a very playful manner.

Another elephant, a much younger animal, was now to follow. He had watched the ascent of the other with the most intense interest, making motions all the while, as though he was assisting him by shouldering him up the acclivity; such gestures as I have seen some men make, when spectators of gymnastic exercises. When he saw his comrade up, he evinced his pleasure by giving a salute something like the sound of a trumpet. When called upon to take his turn, he seemed much alarmed, and would not act at all without force. When he was two steps up, he slipped, but recovered himself by digging his toes in the earth. With the exception of this little accident, he ascended exceedingly well. When this elephant was near the top, the other, who had already performed his task, extended his trunk to the assistance of his brother in distress, round which the young animal entwined his, and thus reached the summit of the ghaut in safety.

Having both accomplished their task, their greeting was as cordial as if they had been long separated from each other, and had just escaped from some perilous achievement. They mutually embraced each other, and stood face to face for a considerable time, as if whispering con-

gratulations. Their driver then made them salam or bow to the general, who ordered them five rupees each for sweet-

meats. On this reward of their merit being ordered, they immediately returned thanks by another salam.

WHISTLING TOM;

A FORECASTLE BALLAD.

MUSIC AND WORDS COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

1. Did you never hear of poor whistling Tom, A sailor who loved the sea ? As brave as a lion was
 whistling Tom, And blithe as a lark was he !

2
 A gale was a frolic to poor old Tom,—
 He called it a cracking breeze,—
 And gaily he whistled whenever the blast
 Drove the maddened ship o'er the seas.

3
 His trill was soft as a nightingale's song,
 Yet you heard it above the roar :
 Though the vessel dashed and the billow flashed,
 Tom only whistled the more.

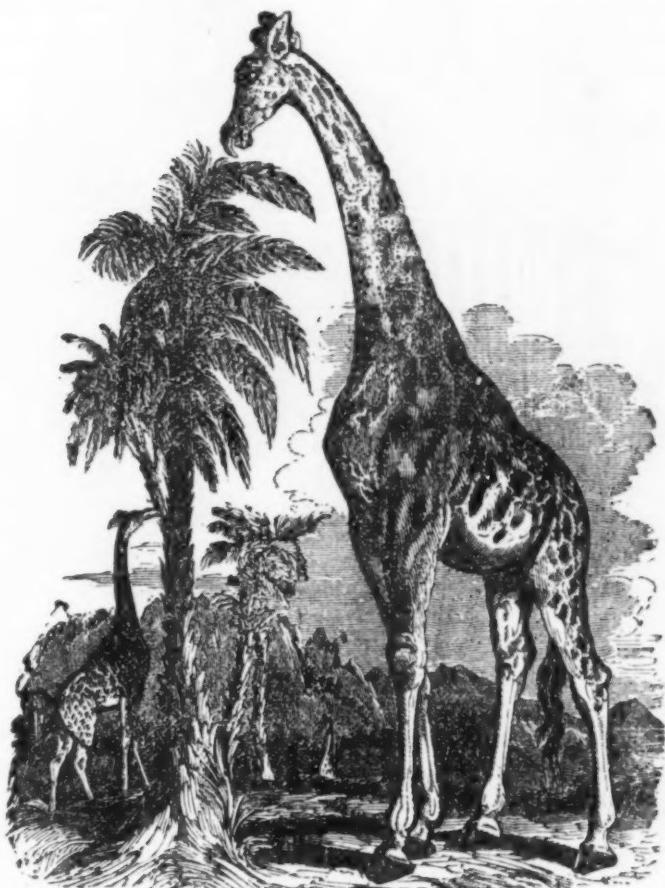
4
 If reefing a topsail that shivered aloft,—
 While the yards dipped deep in the spray,—
 Like a careless bird in his stormy swing,
 He whistled and worked away.

5
 But the bravest must die, and poor old Tom
 One night made the wave his pillow—
 He sleeps there yet, though he whistles oft,
 When the tempest lashes the billow.

6
 I have heard his note in the midst of the blast—
 It wailed like a spirit's tone—
 He seemed aloft on the staggering mast,
 And whistled—"poor Tom's alone!"

7
 As the tempest rises the strain grows wild,
 And shrieks in the ocean's roar—
 When the storm is past it dies away,
 And poor Tom is heard no more.

LITTLE LEAVES FOR LITTLE READERS.



The Giraffe, or Camelopard.

HERE is a picture of the tallest animal that is known. He measures almost six yards from the ground to the top of his ears. He is as tall as a small house.

The giraffe lives in the wilds of Africa; he is never tamed and put to work like the horse. His skin is fawn-colored, with black spots. He is a timid creature, and runs away as fast as he can scamper whenever a man comes near.

Sometimes the lion attacks the giraffe; his only defence in such a case is

to turn round and kick the lion as hard as he can. Sometimes he succeeds in defending himself in this way, but often he falls a victim to the fierce king of beasts.

The giraffe is occasionally caught and carried to Paris and London and this country. There have been several in the United States; but they are tender creatures, and are very apt to die if taken away from their native country.



The Arbor.

HERE are two girls and a boy in the arbor ; one of the girls is reading, and the others are listening. It is a pleasant thing to be beneath a roof of green leaves, and to be surrounded by sweet-scented flowers. It is a very pleasant thing to sit down in such a place with an agreeable book. Do you not envy the children in the picture ?

And what book do you imagine they are reading ? Perhaps it is one of the numbers of Parley's Cabinet Library, which Messrs. Bradbury & Soden have just published. No doubt you have read them ; but I will tell you about one of the volumes that is to be published in a few days.

It is entitled Curiosities of Human Nature, and it gives an account of a great many wonderful people. It tells about Zerah Colburn, who was a natural arith-

metician. One day, his father heard him, while he was a little child playing among the chips, saying the multiplication table to himself. His father then began to examine him, and he found that he could answer almost any question in arithmetic, although he was only six years old, and could not read, and had never been taught anything.

His father took Zerah to Boston and New York, and other places, and the child astonished everybody, by his wonderful answers to arithmetical questions. He could tell how many minutes there were in two thousand years ; how many steps, three feet long, it would take to go round the earth ; he could find the square root and the cube root of any number. His performances were indeed amazing.

Mr. Colburn, finally, set off with his son for England ; here the child was

visited by thousands of people. They then went to France, and he excited such an interest there, that Bonaparte had him put into one of the colleges of Paris.

I cannot tell you the whole story of Zerah, but you will find it, and many other curious and wonderful lives, in the number of Parley's Cabinet Library of which I speak. You will find the story of a miser, who shut himself in a vault with his money, and where, though surrounded with silver and gold, he perished miserably for the want of bread and water. You will find the story of the great Sir Isaac Newton, who, when

a child, made a little mill, and put a kitten in it, whom he called the miller; you will find the story of Elijah Thayer, who went, a few months since, to see Victoria, queen of England, and tell her that she would very soon be obliged to wash her own dishes.

Among other things in Parley's book, you will find the story of a very wonderful man named Joseph Clark. This person could twist his face about so that his most intimate friends would not know him. He could also distort his body in the most strange manner. Here is a picture of him.



Clark was a pleasant, funny fellow, and he often amused himself and others with his queer tricks. One day he went to a tailor to have a coat made. When the tailor measured him he had a huge hump on his right shoulder. When he went to try on the coat, the hump was

on the left shoulder. The tailor was greatly astonished—begged pardon for his blunder, and straightway undertook to alter the coat. When Clark went again to try it on, behold the villainous hump was in the middle of his back!

Fire-works at Rome.

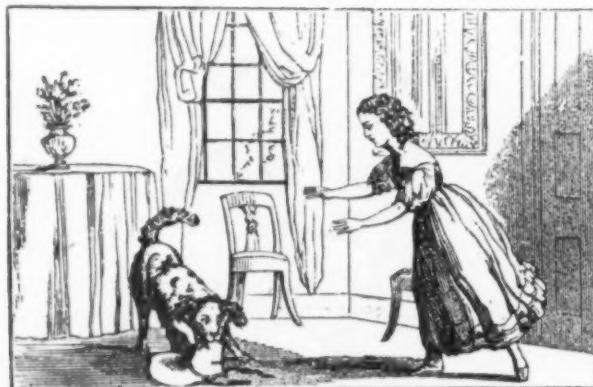
ALL my little readers have heard of the great city of Rome, in Italy. It was begun about 2500 years ago, and a great many wonderful events have taken place there.

Rome is not so large and splendid as it once was, but it is still a great city. The pope, who is the head of the Catholic church, lives there, and the ceremonies of that church are very grand and imposing in Rome. I could tell you a great deal about these ceremonies, but I have not time now.

I will, however, say a word of what is called the *Carnival*. This is a time in which the Catholics have feasts, dances and frolics. Some of them dress up in

strange attire, and go about, making a great deal of sport. The carnival in Rome is really a great time. Thousands of people, from all the countries round about, flock to the city, where they amuse themselves in various ways.

One of the most wonderful things that takes place, is the fire-works. Perhaps you have seen fire-works on Boston common, but those of Rome are far more splendid. St. Peter's Church is suddenly illuminated, and the great castle of St. Angelo sends up a vast flood of rockets,—red, blue, purple and yellow. The air seems filled with golden lights, the skies appear to be showering down stars of every hue; and while all this is going on, the glad voices of thousands of people are applauding the scene



Careless Nancy.

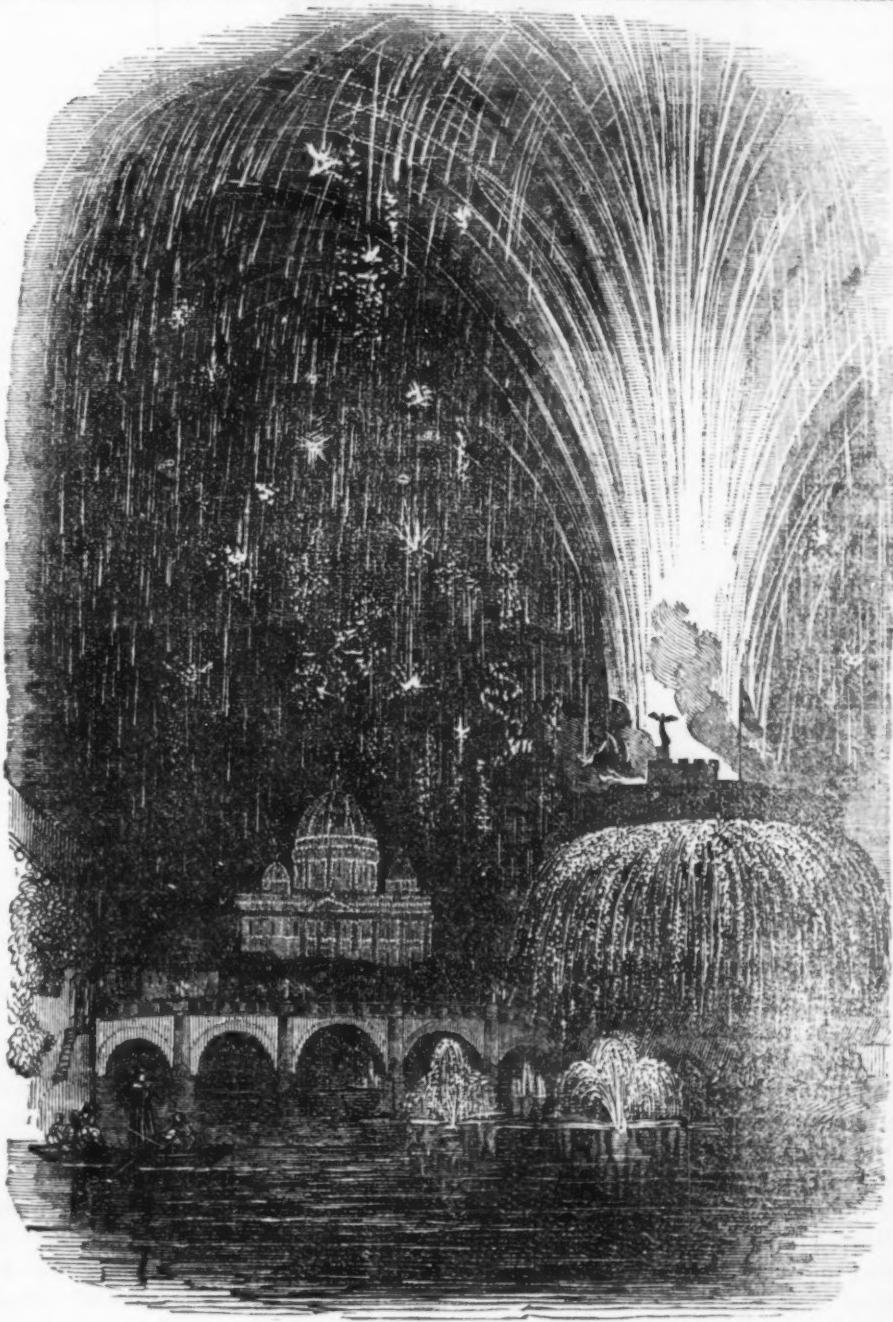
CARELESSNESS is a sad thing. How many troubles flow from it! Look at the picture—and see what has happened!

Nancy left her best bonnet in the chair, and the dog, Flirt, has got it. Here's a pretty kettle of fish! See how the puppy munches the straw-braid, and how he mumbles the bouquets of ribbons!

Now, who is to blame for all this? Is Flirt to blame?—why, he is only a puppy—a young creature so full of fun and

frolic that he hardly knows what to do with himself. But Kitty is a rational creature; she has been told to be careful; she knows that Flirt is a playful rogue, and is very likely to seize upon anything left in his way.

Oh, Nancy, Nancy! you scold Flirt, and you box his ears, and lay the ruin of your nice new bonnet to him; but, my dear child, it is you who are in fault.



Fire-works at Rome.



Charity.

CHARITY is a beautiful word, and means many beautiful things. Here, in the picture, is a poor old man; he is lame, and cannot hardly walk. He sits by the way-side and holds out his hat to those who are passing by; and you see that the boy is dropping a piece of money into his hat. Thus the poor old man gets a living.

This giving to the poor is called *charity*, or *alms-giving*. It is our duty to give a part of what we have to those

who are poor and needy. But there are other kinds of charity, which it is our duty to practise.

We should not only give money to the poor, but we should give to all, kind thoughts, kind wishes, kind words. This is a noble species of charity, and while it tends to make others happy, it cultivates sweet peace in our own bosoms. Let all my young friends practise this species of charity.

Inquisitive Jack.

CHAPTER VI.

Jack visits the bee-hives.—Swarming.—Hiving.

ONE day Jack was going along by a row of bee-hives, which belonged to his father, when he observed an unusual confusion among the bees of one of them. A great many bees were going in and out at the holes of the hive, buzzing with their wings, and seeming to be in the greatest flurry. Besides this, the bees had collected on the outside of the hive in a great mass, at least an inch deep in one place.

Jack had seen the bee-hives so often that he had not thought much about them; but now his attention was fixed.

He stopped and began to look at what was going on, particularly among the bees of the hive we have mentioned. "I guess it's Sunday," said Jack to himself, "among these creatures, or perhaps it's election day, and they are going to choose a governor or president. Oh—I recollect—aunt Piper told me once that the bees were governed by a queen; and perhaps they are now going to choose one."

Saying this, Jack sat down upon the grass, and, hitching pretty close to the hive, quietly contemplated the scene. The buzzing of the bees made a roar all around the hive, and though those which had settled into a heap were quiet, there were many who reminded one of the

marshals on the 17th of June, in managing the procession to Bunker Hill: they were flying hither and thither—back and forth—up and down—round and round—in and out—appearing to be brim full of something very important, but really doing nothing, after all. With them it was buzz, buzz, buzz!

Jack had looked quietly on for about half an hour, when he saw an unusual agitation in the bees that had congregated upon the outside of the hive; they began to flutter their little wings, and run this way and that. All at once a portion of them took to flight, and rising about forty feet in the air, whirled round and round for a few minutes, and then streamed away upon the wind. They were followed by others, so that a continued line of bees was distinctly visible in the air.

Jack, greatly excited, followed the runaway bees, thinking to himself—"if you are about to desert in this fashion, I guess I'll find where you are going to!"—so he followed the stream, and, at the distance of about fifty rods, he found that they began to light upon an apple-tree. Here they collected very fast, and pretty soon he could see them gathered in a large dark mass upon one of the limbs. He now ran home and told his father what was going on.

Jack's father set out with another man for the scene of action, having provided a new hive and a brass kettle. When they came to the apple-tree, they began to beat the kettle, under the idea that such kind of music is apt to induce bees, when swarming, to settle down the more readily. Pretty soon the whole company had arrived and alighted upon the limb. They were collected one upon the other, and the whole mass looked about as large round as a man's arm.

The new hive was now placed upon a bench beneath the tree, and some honey was put near the holes. At evening, the

limb upon which the bees were clinging was carefully cut down, and placed near the hive. In the morning the bees began to leave their place upon the bough, and to enter the hive. In a short space they had all taken up their abode in it, and immediately they began to build cells, in which to store their honey. That evening the hive was removed and placed upon the same platform as the other hives. Its inhabitants seemed all pleased with their new home, and very soon they had stored it with honey.

These events made a strong impression upon Jack's mind, and turned his attention to the study of bees. He learned a great many curious things about them, but still he was obliged to ask his aunt Piper a multitude of questions, in order to gratify his curiosity. I may as well tell the substance of what he learned about bees, in another chapter.

The 4th of July.

WHAT a great day is the 4th of July! In the morning the bells are set a-ring ing and guns are fired. During the day, the people get together, and some one makes a great speech to them.

This is called independent day. Do my readers know why the 4th of July is thus noticed? Perhaps not—so I will tell them.

A great many years ago, our country was ruled by the king of England. The people did not like this; they wished to be free; to govern themselves in their own way, and live as they pleased.

Accordingly, a great dispute arose between the people of our country and the king of England. The people said they would not obey the king, and the king said they should obey him. He sent his armies over here to compel the people to submit.

All this made a great ferment in the country. A great battle took place at Bunker Hill, near Boston, on the 17th of June, 1775, and hundreds were killed on both sides. It is on account of this battle that the monument is erected there, the completion of which was so beautifully celebrated on the 17th of last June. A great many of my readers, no doubt, saw the splendid procession, on that occasion, consisting of the president of the United States, and the governor of Massachusetts, and many other distinguished men; several thousand soldiers; the members of a great many societies; together with a great many other persons. It was indeed a splendid sight.

Although the king of England sent his soldiers to fight our forefathers, they were not frightened. They mustered armies, and sent them to fight the British armies. They also sent some of their wisest men to Philadelphia to consider the state of things and determine what was best to be done.

On the 4th July, 1776, these wise men determined that it was best for the country to be free. They therefore sent forth a famous paper, called the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. This sets forth the wrongs which the country has suffered at the hands of the king of England, and declares the solemn purpose of the American people thenceforward to become a free, sovereign and independent nation.

The people received this declaration with joy. They celebrated it with bonfires, and music, and processions, and rejoicings. Ever since that day, the 4th of July, being the day in which this declaration was passed by the congress at Philadelphia, has been noticed as a day of rejoicing. It is considered the birth-day of our national independence, and as such, it is regarded as our great national anniversary.

To Correspondents.

WE have several letters from our correspondents, for which we offer thanks. To C. H. H., of Andover, who wishes to hear more about Bill Keeler, we can only say that as soon as convenient, we will attend to his request. Several of our friends have sent us correct answers to the puzzle in the June number of the Museum. The following deserves insertion. Our Providence friends will see that a piece of music is given, as promised. We hope it will please them, as well as our other readers.

North Bridgewater, June 14, 1843.

Mr. Robert Merry,—I have taken your Museum for two years past, and I like it very much. I think that the story of the Siberian Sable Hunter is very interesting, and I think that the June number is very interesting; and so I thought I must answer the puzzle that is in it. I have always studied them out, and have thought I should like to answer them, but I never have until now; I shall give the answer in the form of an acrostic, and if you think it deserves a place in your Museum, you can put it in.

Bass is the name of a fish much admired,
East is the point of compass the wise men
 desired,

Lathe is an article used under mortar,
The Table is furnished with food and with
 water,

Easter is a day that is kept by the church of
 Rome,

Sahera is a desert a great way from home,
Hatred is a passion much to be deplored in the
 mind,

Arts have done much to enlighten mankind,
Zebra is a pretty animal, but not very stout,
Z was the letter which I had to guess out,
Abel, the antediluvian, was killed by Cain,
Rat is a troublesome animal to man;
 The whole is the name that king Nebuchadnezzar

Gave to Daniel the prophet, and called Belteshezzar.

From a blue eyed friend,
 B. W. P.